Volume XVII Chicago, Ill., September, 1940 Number 6

The Liberalist

HERITAGE

THERE'S never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird's wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heav'n
Some silv'ry radiance tender;
There's never a cloud that murks the sky
But crowns the sunset splendor.
There's never a robin but thrills some heart,
His dawnlike gladness voicing—
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—Anon.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

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The Liberalist

Preston Bradley .....Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley.....Associate Editor

Volume XVII Chicago, Ill., September, 1940 Number 6

Important Notice

●

OPENING SERVICE

29th Year

●

PEOPLES CHURCH

941 LAWRENCE AT SHERIDAN

●

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1940
11:00 A. M.

●

PREACHER

Rev. Preston Bradley, LL.D. D.D.

●

SUBJECT

"THE MILLS OF THE GODS"

●

Broadcast by WJJD

●

Chorus Choir Under Direction of Emerson Abernethy
Philip Jorgensen at the Organ

●

Let Us Have the Finest Opening Service We Have Ever Known

FROM DR. BRADLEY

Dear Member and Radio Friend:

I am writing these words to you in mid-August. My radio, letters, newspapers and magazines are bringing me daily reports of the tragedy of war. Before our opening Sunday on September 15th, none of us know what will have taken place. Needless to say I am already thinking of the fall and winter ahead. Never have I felt more deeply the responsibility which will be mine. Anyone who has the opportunity of speaking and writing these days has a greater obligation than ever before. The air is filled with controversy, argument, propaganda, theories, politics and turmoil. I have only one desire for my work ahead. In the midst of all the chaos and clash of opinion I want to be a constructive, helpful and inspiring influence. It will be difficult. Issues are great. A crisis of unprecedented proportions is upon us. It will be a difficult time for us all.

Never was our church more needed than now. We will do our best to help all we can. I cannot do this alone. I must have your support and encouragement. I hope you will let nothing interfere with your being present on Sunday morning, September 15th at 11:00 o'clock. You can give me no greater inspiration than your presence.

May our church be the kind of a church this year of all years, when the people of all creeds and races may meet together in the bond of fellowship and spirit of peace.

I will try and make every service one of uplift, sustenance and inspiration. Will you not try and help our much needed work in these three ways:

1. Attend church.
2. Contribute according to your ability.
3. Join some allied organization.
4. Remember the church, the pastor, the nation and humanity in your prayers.

I will be looking for you at the opening service.

Your Pastor,
Preston Bradley

Meditation

"Eternal Life and Truth and Beauty, we raise our faces and we lift our voices in this moment of triumph expressing the gratitude for the verification of that which Thou didst understand as endless but which our faulty vision and our disturbed imagination could not comprehend neither could it conceive.

We are very grateful for this morning moment, remembering the horror of our despair, the depth of our cynicism, the sense of our defeat which we had as we tarried with the tragedy of the week, the feeling of completeness in the tragedy of Good Friday, and now the persistency by which eternal truth validates itself is once more our consciousness and our truth. Might we receive such an imperative and such a depth of appreciation and understanding of the significance of that truth that Easter will be something more than a ceremony, something more than a holiday, something more than just another event, that we may translate into our own hearts the truth which is the Easter fact, that it might be so profoundly a part and so definitely an identity in our cons-

ciousness that we will have that same strength and that same courage which has been a part of all truly courageous people in all the history of the race.

We could not live through the tragedy and the defeatism and the cynicism of life without Easter. We could not carry on the responsibilities of life created out of the interferences and the barriers which are constantly about us without the open tomb, the recognition in our hearts that there is no power sufficiently powerful to preserve permanently an imprisoned soul; that there is no tomb wide enough, deep enough or high enough to keep permanently enslaved a personality trying to do good in the world. Tombs are not built strong enough, boulders do not weigh enough to keep the angels of light from melting them as though they were but puffs of blowing weeds and not rock and stone. We are grateful because this day is an affirmation of this truth.

And to every heart in association with this service, might that heart feel too that no matter how dark and dismal and gloomy and defeated life seems to be that it is Easter, an Easter which does not depend upon the credal affirmations of men or the mere ceremonies of religion, but which does depend upon the pragmatic manisfestation of continuing life in the hearts and souls of men.

We are grateful for being deathless; we are glad that life is sovereign; we are grateful that no winter can be cold enough and no ice thick enough to freeze the heart of a growing thing; that every seed generated by love, warmed by the law of life, will break through into flower and bloom. We are glad that no winter can be long enough to keep the final rays of warmth and sunlight from the frozen heart of earth, and we are glad that no experience of life, no grief, no sorrow, no sin, no tragedy, can be enough to keep the soul apart from the Soul of the Infinite.

And might all of us at this moment, in this hour, know that our souls are immortal souls, that our lives are a part of a larger life, and that Easter is not only a fact which re-occurs as the calendar passes, but that Easter is a living, breathing reality which can gladden the heart and the soul of man all of the time, every hour of the day.

We are glad, more glad that we can express, for Easter, and we would be still more glad if we could find the way to translate the Easter truth into all of the affairs of men. Look down from the embattlements of Thy eternal habitation upon this earth this Easter Day with its sorrow, its anxiety, its turmoil. Might there be found a way, and this is our Easter prayer, might there be found a way by which the truth of Easter could be made a reality on earth and that nation after nation, leader after leader, people after people, might catch the vision of that fatherhood and restore the beauty of earth's brotherhood. Until that becomes true, Easter is unreal. Might it become real by becoming an experience in the hearts and souls of men.

We pray this prayer as a tribute and honor and an evidence of abiding affection for the man of Galilee, the teacher of all teachers, the friend who has given men the true friendship, the great love of all the ages, Jesus the light-bringer, the way-shower and the burden-bearer, and above all, the continuing inspiration for everything good in this world:

'Our Father, who art in heaven, etc.'"

• • •

"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, March 24, 1940.

•

"My own observance of Easter started this morning at five o'clock when I tuned in to the international broadcast of the Easter services and listened to the apostolic benediction upon the entire world by his Holiness, the present Pope. I started at five o'clock attending Easter services, and I was at it until I left my home at 8:30 this morning to come here for our 9:00 o'clock service. I listened to those services for only one reason. I, of course wanted to share in the significance of this day throughout the Christian world with those who believe in the ethics and ideals of the man about whom the day clusters. I listened very attentively and inasmuch as the gentleman who was master of ceremonies in Rome this morning and who gave such a vivid and beautiful description of the appearance of his Holiness upon the portico of the building near the Redemption College in Vatican City, told us that not only the hundred thousand people listening and who were present to receive the apostolic benediction of the Pope, would be given special consideration because of listening to the apostolic benediction, but that it was also to be conferred upon all radio listeners throughout the world, I felt I had started off my Easter Day in rather of an apostolic manner by receiving the personal apostolic benediction from his Holiness, the Pope.

Then I came to America and started with the eastern seaboard, then into the middle-west and listened to the broadcast from our own Soldiers Field, admiring with profound admiration which I think overwhelmed me when I figured the number of people so loyal to a service that they would sit in Soldiers Field with the temperature what it is in the City of Chicago, and I sincerely hope that they are not still there frozen to their seats, which I almost anticipate might be the occasion. Then I listened to the services in southern Illinois where a snow storm made the roads impassable and people abandoned their cars in a blizzard and walked four miles in an effort to hold the services where they had planned, on the top of a hill. They, however, could not get to within several miles of the spot and finally held their service in a little farmhouse near by. It seems to me it would have been good sense to have gone there at the start. Then across to Colorado, and one of the beautiful things about the broadcast to me this morning from Colorado was not even what was sung by a very beautiful choir, not even what was spoken or the scripture that was read—I don't know whether any of you shared this experience with me or not, but it was the singing of the birds all through that broadcast. The platform was on the side of a mountain surrounded by trees and shrubbery and the birds were constantly coming in and out of the area of the pick-up and it was delightful to hear them singing, I even heard a crow who had music in his voice. Of course, there would be something the matter with a crow who would not have music in his voice on Easter morning. Then I went still further across the continent to San Francisco in the presence of that cross 183 feet high overlooking the Pacific ocean, and as the announcer described the materialization of the city out of the fog and mist and twinkling lights of the harbor and Easter dawn came over San Francisco and the western world, I had hoped that it would be possible for me to continue my

journey around to the Hawaiian Islands, then perhaps to Japan and China, and then perhaps to Persia and India and then Russia and Germany and Britain—EASTER 1940!

I shall not preach for you this morning the conventional type of Easter sermon. I was particularly impressed with everything I heard this day so far with but possibly one or two exceptions. I was particularly impressed with the effort which the speakers were making to validate the experience upon which this day is founded in a physical and materialistic way. They were not in the heart of this Easter truth, they were trying to argue a physical resurrection. They were lost in a forest of unreality, and in the effort to establish a physical, materialistic emphasis to the Easter truth. I said to myself 'I am going into my pulpit on this day and I am not going to preach one word, one breath, in attempting to perpetuate a theology. I am not going to preach one second of my time in an attempt to explain a physical resurrection. I am not going to spend any time on something which happened 1900 years ago and which, through stupidity and lack of courage, has had to be repeated every year since then, and abandoned the day after.

If the Easter fact is a fact which only belongs to Easter Day, it is not an important fact for anybody. If this great expression of interest, which is an annual affair and which receives the enthusiasm and the plaudits of mankind once every year, if you and I cannot find a way to translate the fact of Easter into human experience, international concord, industrial righteousness, economic sanity, an age of peace; if the Christians of the world who have been singing 'Christ is risen!' for 19 centuries cannot validate the truth of his teachings in the human affairs of this world, Easter is about the biggest fraud that I know!

That's what I mean! 1940,—nineteen centuries of a living Christ! Nineteen centuries of the growth and development of creeds and isms, cults and churches! Three hundred different kinds of Protestants, fighting and quarreling about how much water you should use when you are baptized, arguing about the difference between transubstantiation and consubstantiation . . . do you know the difference? They don't either, and yet the difference between transubstantiation and consubstantiation in religion and in theology separated the Church of God into two historical divisions, and those divisions have fought each other for 400 years, nearly five centuries, and the difference is over a Greek preposition;—and we have been obscuring the Christ!

What is the truth of Easter? What is the reality of this thing? What is the fundamental spirit of it in our hearts after all? When Prof. Albert Einstein was asked once how he ever started in his theory and in the development of his thesis of relativity, Professor Einstein made this remark, 'I challenged an axiom.' If Easter ever becomes a real thing in the life of the modern world, it will be when all who follow Jesus challenge an axiom — 'He that would save his life must lose it.' That's an axiom; and if Easter is to be true that axiom must be challenged by the validity of Jesus' utterance which is a distinct challenge to the sophistries and platitudinous attitude of the modern world. There he stands this day a challenge to our axioms!

What was the paramount thing of his life? I think that a student of the life of the Master could analyze all of his teachings, all of his ethical pronouncements and could readily bring them down into one sentence. If I were to read into the life and personality of this teacher significance, which I certainly do, that significance would be clothed in this truth: of all the men who have ever lived

in this world he had the highest conception of the sacredness of the human personality. Every utterance that he ever gave revealed his sense of human sacredness, and the one word which rings through his utterances, not the word 'immortality', not what happens to people after they are dead, but Jesus' big word was 'LIFE' 'LIFE'! and his whole life was spent under the desire of trying to make humanity see what a sacred, beautiful thing it was to be a personality. That was the message of Jesus.

What did they do with it? What did they do with him, the man who gave the message? Why, he is all but lost; he has been solidified in concrete; has been so highly, artistically created in stained-glass, he is often thought of in a white sleeveless robe and such a beautiful figure to look upon that there is almost the element of strength lacking. He has lived through the ages as the embodiment of creeds and isms and church and ceremony. The value of this man, let me say it as long as I can speak;—I hear it on the air, I hear it being preached, I hear it everywhere all the time that it is what you **believe** about Jesus that matters, and the only thing that matters **is what you BELIEVE**—and only this morning I heard a man say that the value of Jesus was not what he said, but how he died. The value of no man is how he dies. It is unimportant how men die. The important thing is what I do and what you do and what Jesus did **WHILE HE LIVED UPON THIS EARTH.** That's the important fact of Easter. How we can articulate this life into human conduct. Why, they will shout his praises, they will sing songs and they will talk about Jesus being risen. Granted. Granted; I am and will be the first to say 'Jesus is risen this day', but what good is a resurrected Jesus if the people give him no chance to put into operation among mankind the things that he was resurrected for?

That's the basis of the Easter truth. Supposing this man is alive this morning, which I shall be the first to admit, that Jesus has broken open the door of the tomb and that the boulder has been rolled away, where is there any place for him in this world? Supposing he should enter the city of Rome this morning and visit the palace of Mussolini, what would be his reception there? Supposing he should go to the chancellery on Wilhelmstrasse in the city of Berlin and ask this Easter morning to be admitted to the chancellor's office, what would this Jew do there? What would be the reception of this Galilean outcast on the Wilhelmstrasse? Supposing that he were to walk into the Kremlin and knock at the door of the godless and atheistic Stalin who denies any reality to any religion, supposing this man should stand and knock at the door of the Kremlin this day and say: 'I am the resurrected Christ'; what do you think would be his reception there; a nation that for 600 years has had a village church and a mighty cathedral in every village and city of Russia! What would be his reception there? Supposing he should come to London; to Chicago; he would see great evidences of enthusiasm, he would see the churches filled to overflowing as this church is, and I suppose every church in Chicago, gladdening the hearts of the ministers as nothing else in the world does, and the churches would all be filled with people listening to the choirs, and that he should say: 'My brethren, today is Easter all right, it is Sunday, but what about Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday? That has been the trouble, brethren! That has been the trouble.'

I stand and look out at this passing pageantry, I tune in my radio and listen by short wave to the vicious propaganda of the world, I shudder, yes I do, on this

Easter morning, 1900 years after, and more men ready to jump at each other's throats and blow each other's brains out than ever before in the history of civilization! Nineteen hundred years after! And the little child born in the city of Chicago this morning has a longer life expectancy than any little child ever born before in the history of civilization, and will live shorter, for probably at 21 they will blow those fine brains out through jagged holes in their skulls. Live longer, through the achievement of science; more scholarship; more scientific knowledge; life could be longer but they will kill sooner.

I shudder as I look forward to the month of April, a month that may be so tragic, that it will shake the souls of men as nothing has ever shaken those souls before, with peace in the gutter. The world on this Easter morn is further from peace than it has ever been in its history and is nearer hell. Insecurity, everybody jittery, worn of nerves, not knowing what is going to happen next or when, or where, or how, and it is Easter.

Where have we been; what have we been doing; we who have been singing and shouting 'Christ is risen! Hallelujah, Christ is risen!' and emphasizing our petty creeds and our pet theologies, our atrocious logic, our faulty reasoning, our sentimental frivolities? Where have we been that this thing should be upon us? Ladies and gentlemen, we have been spending our time on the things that matter least and we have not had the courage to challenge an axiom.

Let me draw the comparison. Never did I speak with a deeper sense of responsibility, never did I sense more deeply the words which I am going to say now and which ought to be said. I am casting aside and throwing to the winds all platitudinous and bromidic expressions or trying to build up a conventional theological pattern. This man who knew no theology and despised it, this man who only knew human life and loved it, this man whose disciples were not courageous enough so that when he asked them to wait a while while he prayed went sound asleep, this man who was so deserted by one of the most vociferous and virile of the lot, so that a silly little demimonde at the court gates of the temple, a little maid, in the hour of his tragedy, could point her finger at him and say: 'You know him.' Peter, whose name in Greek "Petros' means rock, turned to her and said: 'I never knew him, I never saw him.' 'I have seen you with him, you are a follower of his!' 'I am not!' That was Peter, the rock, upon which the Church was built, and he denied his Lord. Why, there was not a one of them except the beloved John, and Mary his mother, and Mary whose soul he had touched with healing and who loved him, that stayed by that cross, all the rest of them ran away and hid, and he died alone. And when he broke the tomb and came out he was alone for they had to send a Mary to doubting disciples to tell them that Christ had risen. Where were they this Easter morn? They were not at the tomb. Where are we, where is the world?

Now, I am going to say what I am going to say and I feel the glory and the spirit and the energy of the triumph of Easter of course, for Easter is not a reality until it is translated into our lives. I don't care what you believe about it, or what church you go to, or what creed you say, or whether you stand or kneel when you pray, or whether it is a forty gallon baptism and you lose ten gallons, or whether you sprinkle or dip, I am not interested and it does not concern me at all. Easter is not Easter until it is translated as a factual experience in your life and mine, and what is that experience? The verification that the powers of evil are transitory — that's Easter; that's the Easter truth. It is the truth that

this universe is founded upon a basic integrity that no nation, no man, no policy, no individual who is fundamentally wrong can endure! There is no permanent victory for evil.

That's the Easter truth. You could no more kill Christ than you could kill God. That's the Easter truth; and that is why believing that, I face a world in the condition it is in today with almost a high heart of courage, and yet there is something I must say.

What would happen, do you think, if all the hundred thousands who were present this morning with me at the Vatican and received the apostolic blessing of the Church, what would happen if the millions of Roman Catholics of the world, what would happen if all the Lutherans, the Church of Germany in Germany, what would happen if all the Anglicans in Britain and the Episcopals of America, what would happen if all,—and the mere suggestion of it almost makes me breathless, and yet it is the Easter fact,—what would happen if those who say, 'I love, I worship, I adore, I believe in Jesus Christ' should give evidence that the belief is to be transferred into action? What would happen?

Christ has arisen, you believe that, or is it just another platitude and a conventional Easter thing? What would happen if all the ultra rich and ultra social who in a few hours will be parading Michigan Avenue in their wealth and finery, while photographers chase them from block to block and from church to church, and the pages of the newspapers tomorrow morning will be filled with the pictures of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So at this church, and Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So leaving the doors of that church, as though anybody really cared, and what would happen if in all this mighty flare of Easter if all the rich and strong and the powerful should suddenly say: 'We mean it now. Now we mean it. We have dillydallied long enough about this, we have fought and quarreled with each other; now we are through. We have accepted Jesus at his word and he has risen. It is Easter and Jesus is alive and we propose to follow him, all of us.' Is not that breath-taking?

What would happen to the world; just imagine; if he has arisen and we propose to follow him, what would happen? Do you know what we lack? COURAGE! That's what we lack; we are just cowardy. Jesus is a great success today, he triumphed! Where were you on Good Friday when he died alone? Jesus does not need you today; everybody is for him today, the radio, the newspapers and the press, and the music of choirs and the preachers and the priests, we are all for him today. Who are you going to be for tomorrow? Is not that the Easter reality? I think it is. Do you know what we lack to put his philosophy into execution in our breaking, cracking, smashing economic, industrial and political world? And it is still smashing; smashing right in front of your noses, the whole world smashing, and what we lack I think I know on this Easter day.

There was a time when men and women who said they were his followers and who loved him and were sufficiently his followers that when a certain emperor by name of Nero said: 'Are you a Christian?' answered 'Yes, I am a Christian.' 'Do you follow Jesus?' 'I do.' 'Will you recant; are you afraid?' 'I am not.' 'Will you say you never knew him?' 'I will not.' Pagan Rome blows its bugles and the doors of the arena open and one by one men and women and little children are thrown to the lions and a feast is held for Nero while his ears are listening to the crunching of broken bones and the tearing of flesh; the last utterance of those men and women who died was 'Christ is risen!'

What we need in this modern world is the kind of men and women that when we have to face the

open doors of the arenas where the lions of dictatorship and poverty and hate and racial intolerance and greed are waiting to devour us, in the presence of the lions we will still say: 'CHRIST IS RISEN!' That's Easter."

DR. BRADLEY ADOPTED BY CHIPPEWAS

One day in mid-July two Indian young men and a Mr. Nelson, superintendent of the reservation Indian school, arrived at the boat dock of Black Duck Island and most unexpectedly appeared on the porch where Dr. and Mrs. Bradley were reading in the quiet of the summer afternoon.

They gave the young men cordial welcome and asked them to sit down. Indians speak laconically. The conversation consisted of short sentences about trivialities; the strange summer weather —cool—much rain; the fishing—the blueberry and wild rice crops —and so on.

Finally they came to the point of their call; — to acquaint Dr. Bradley with the plan of the tribe of Chippewa Indians of that locality to adopt him. It seemed all arrangements had been completed except the courtesy of announcing the fact to Dr. Bradley! This adoption being an honor to be conferred, naturally it came as a very great surprise to the one receiving it. The time was set for July 21st, the adoption to be the highlight of a big two-day celebration held at the Indian reservation on Lake Vermilion.

Accordingly Dr. Bradley, with his family and guests, arrived at the reservation at 10:30 o'clock on the hottest Sunday morning imaginable. There wasn't the least rift of a cloud in the sky, nor a ripple on the lake, nothing resembling a breeze anywhere, and the sun just blazed away to its entire satisfaction!

In the presence of a crowd estimated at a thousand, Dr. Bradley, accompanied by twenty-five or more Indians in full regalia forming the escort, and Chief Good-Day and Peter Pete, the Medicine Man, marched to the platform and came upon it by steps from the back. The Indians in their colorful costumes—feathers — beads—buckskins—drums sat on the floor in a semi-circle, with the Chief, the Medicine Man and Dr. Bradley standing forward in the center.

This high platform, banked with pine and cedar boughs, was built in the middle of an entirely shadeless parade ground, and the benches, made of boards held up by boxes, formed an amphitheatre. There people sat scorching in the sun and didn't know it, so interested were they in the ancient tribal ceremony performed with traditional pomp and solemnity by the Chief and the Medicine Man.

The induction was performed in Indian dialect and translated through conversation carried on by an interpreter. It was all the more impressive due to the fact that the old Chief is totally blind, and is led about by his great-great-grandchild. He is reputed to be 102 years old. Well do we remember when we first saw him twenty-odd years ago, tall, straight-backed, strong-shouldered, with his head held proudly high, dancing light-footed with the best of them in the pow-wow, silver sleighbells bound above his ankles above beaded moccasins, ringing merrily in time with the beat of the tom-tom, he was a dignified and imposing figure, highly respected by all his tribe. Even then he was an old man, though one never sensed it in watching him. He never showed age until a few years ago, when he became blind.

We were told that the Indians do not often adopt a white man into the tribe. It is only when they want to honor someone very much that this celebration takes place, and the local tribe of Chippewas have not conducted the

ceremony in over sixty years. According to ritual the Medicine Man stepped up to Dr. Bradley and explained to him (in Indian dialect) that the Chippewas wished to honor him by adopting him into the tribe as a White Chief, because they knew him to be a man of good deeds, and not, he said. "because of the good you have done the many people all over the land, but because of what you are here in the North Woods where we live, we all love you, the Indian as well as the white people, and we are proud to call you our friend, and we will be proud to have you a member of our tribe." Then he said that the Chief was the only one privileged to give him an Indian name, and that no one but the Chief knew what that name was to be. It had been kept secret. He said "a name is so valuable to a man that it cannot be given without something given in return", and asked what Dr. Bradley could offer. Dr. Bradley presented a blanket and also a large can of pipe tobacco to show his good will. These being accepted by the Chief, he then arose to his feet and the Medicine Man stepped aside.

Chief Good-Day began speaking and there was a note of sadness in his tone, which is most unusual for an Indian. The tribe listened to his words intently, as did we all, although we could not understand him until the words were repeated to us in English by the interpreter. He said:

"I have been thinking while sitting here, I will not be long with you. When I listen to the voice of the white man we adopt into the Chippewa Tribe today, I know when I am gone to the Happy Hunting Ground he will always be your kind friend. The name I give to him is one of my names—it belongs to him because he is the friend to everyone—even the birds — — I give him the name 'Misi-we-gwa-neb', which means a feather from every kind of bird all over the world." The interpreter said he could not translate into English exactly the Chief's words, but 'a feather from every bird' conveyed the thought of universality—an understanding spirit.

The old Chief held out his hand and Dr. Bradley clasped it — an Indian at his side held out a large "something" which he opened up into the most gorgeous Chieftain's headdress, composed of forty brown eagle feathers, beautiful fluffy white maribou feathers, red and white beaded forehead band and long red leather strands which hang over the shoulders. This the Chief handed to Dr. Bradley and the Medicine Man took it and placed it on Dr. Bradley's head, and shook hands with him, and all the Indians on the platform stood up with arms folded.

Then they all sat down excepting the new "White Chief", who looked very fine, very dignified, in his magnificent head-dress, his white Palm Beach suit and white shoes, a marked contrast to the colorful costumes of the red men.

Dr. Bradley felt very deeply the honor which had been paid him. After expressing his appreciation, he who will be known to the Chippewa tribe hereafter as "Misi-we-gwa-neb" made a very fine address, telling of the contributions the Indians have made to this country and of the work of the Government is doing in their behalf, and of the duty of the White Man to the Indian, for much that brings the Indian into bad repute can be laid at the door of the White Man.

The two-day celebration consisted of pow-wows, canoe races, Indian games and stunts of many kinds. Indians from as far as fifty miles came and put up their tepees on the reservation, entering heartily into the festivities.

A special luncheon was served Dr. Bradley and his family and guests, of venison, mashed potatoes, wild rice, bread and butter, coffee or "pop" and ice cream. This was served at a refreshment stand under a bower of cedar boughs, making the nearest thing

to a cool spot one could find. Other hungry people in the crowd could buy hamburger or "hot dog" sandwiches, pop and ice cream at refreshment stands presided over by Boy Scouts and teachers from the reservation school.

Some movies were taken which, if successful when developed, will be shown sometime during the coming season at the church.

Not only does Dr. Bradley now bear an Indian name, but the name of his island in Lake Vermilion also is Indian—"Gah-GahGe-Seeb To-Ba-Ta-Gung" (meaning The Island Where the Black Duck Lights in the Pinetree, known now-a-days as "Black Duck Island") the name given it way back—no one knows how long ago, when this beautiful lake knew no other craft but canoes, when Indians built their tepees along the shores and hunted in the virgin forest undisturbed.

Grace T. Bradley.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—1940-1941

The Uptown Players are happy to announce that their productions this season will be given in the Civic Theatre, Civic Opera Building, 20 North Wacker Drive.

This is an air-conditioned theatre, transportation is excellent from all sides of the city, parking facilities are more than adequate, and most important of all, the stage of this theatre is much larger than any the players have had heretofore.

There will be six productions in all, each to be given on a Friday and Saturday evening. Not all of the plays have been decided on, but the following is a partial list:

"Autumn Crocus" — November 1st and 2nd.

(A delightful love story. An English school teacher goes to the Swiss Alps for her vacation and meets a Swiss Hotel Keeper who owns a chalet there.)

To be announced — December 13th and 14th.

"Camille in Roaring Camp" — January 24th and 25th.

(Uproarious comedy. "Camille" is played to an audience of miners at Roaring Camp.)

To be announced — March 7th and 8th.

"Another Language" — April 4th and 5th.

(Intensely interesting story of a large family and the varied types in it.)

"Johnson Over Jordan" — May 9th and 10th.

UPTOWN PLAYERS OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OPEN JUNIOR THEATRE

Theatrical Chicago is to be enlarged, expanded and blessed, for the especial benefit of the young people, which means of course that many of the more mature people will come "sneaking in" to see what, if anything, they are missing by not being called "young people" any more.

Miss Lenore Brown, talented and very pleasing character actress of the Uptown Players, Inc., and Assistant to Mr. J. Bradley-Griffin, Director of the Uptown Players and head of the Bradley-Griffin Studios, is Director of this new theatrical venture, and Mr. Robert Leser, one of the very busy and versatile actors of our Players whom you will remember recently as "Hamlet", is to be Business Manager. Miss Brown is spending the vacation months in Hollywood, California.

Some of the plays which have been selected, for these Saturday matinee performances are as follows:

1. "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Charlotte Chorpenning's adaptation of an interesting fairy tale.)

2. A Christmas play—not yet selected.
3. "Tom Sawyer."
4. "Little Black Sambo." (Charlotte Chorpenning's adaptation.)
5. "The Little Princess." (Frances Burnett.)
6. To be announced.

The ages of the actors in this Junior Theatre will range from six to eighteen years. Thus there will be plays for young people, by young people. And, "Won't the older people be interested?"

The prices for individual performances will be 50c for adults and 35c for children, but the management is particularly interested in the subscriptions which it is offering the public at $1.50 for the entire series of six plays. The management is anticipating that such organizations as the Parent Teacher groups and various Women's Club groups will be interested in taking over some of the matinees.

Mothers who are interested in their children's cultural development in the appreciation of fine art will be glad of this opportunity which has come through the Uptown Players of The Peoples Church. For all information 'phone Webster 2123, or address, The Uptown Players Junior Theatre, Suite 416, 410 S. Michigan Avenue.

• • •

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

It has been said that the best workers are the happy ones; that it is unnecessary to go around with great concentration and wrinkles between the eyes in order to accomplish a great deal and to do it well.

This philosophy seems to have been taken to heart by the Board of Directors of the Woman's Club. It is rumored the Board Meetings are attended with pleasure and refreshment. Their method is effective and is resulting in many plans toward a fruitful season to come.

The Year Book of The Woman's Club went to press July 2nd. This means a large piece of work has been accomplished, for it is a real task to organize the necessary data for the Year Book, and it is all done under the able head and hands of the President, the Program Chairman and the Secretary. A vote of appreciation and thanks to the Year Book Committee should be registered in the heart of every member of the club.

All work and no play makes for dullness we learned in our Mother Goose days. Woman's Club members have no intention of being dull! As evidence of this a picnic was arranged for July 15th at Gompers Park. It was a box-lunch picnic with the Club furnishing coffee. About fifty members and guests enjoyed the day's outing very much. A variety of games and contests were indulged in, including a "Treasure Hunt", which afforded much fun. Those who did not take part in games visited, while they knitted for Red Cross, and were happy being out-of-doors.

Another enjoyable occasion took place July 26th, when Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Anderson were hosts to a dozen or more members of The Woman's Club and their husbands, at the Anderson estate on Crystal Lake, at Antioch, Illinois. The party drove out in six cars. "Andyvilla" has spacious gardens and shady woodlands, and the city folks enjoyed strolling about or visiting on the cool porches. Appetites rose while the guests watched with interest the steaks sizzling on an outdoor grill. Luncheon was served on the roof of the boathouse and was a credit to the hosts.

After luncheon the guests were taken, a few at a time, for a speedboat ride on the lake. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are most gracious hosts and always give everyone a good time.

Meanwhile Woman's Club mem-

bers are working in groups for the Bazaar. One member of the club has given out some beautiful silk pieces with which other members are making pillow tops. We hear there are some very artistic baskets on the way to the bazaar; they are of many shapes and sizes, intended for a variety of uses, and are made of crochet work, but nevertheless "stand up on-their-own."

The Professional and Business Woman's Club is working enthusiastically for the Bazaar. Their cooperation is valuable and sincerely appreciated. In fact several groups of this club are meeting August 21st in Hall B of the Church to do Bazaar work. They hope to have ten tables with a different type of article to be made at each. Some energetic person surely had a happy thought to plan for this party!

• • •

"THE RAINS CAME"

•

What would we do without this thing called "weather", which everybody talks about but which they can do nothing about?

The Professional and Business Woman's Club said: "Let's have a picnic! The Lawn Party was a great success, except for the **weather.** Let's have a picnic and hope the weather will be perfect!" And so they did, in Lincoln Park, August 5th.

At the south entrance to the conservatory in Lincoln Park at 6:15 all was serene. Skies were clear, flowers were blooming in profusion and ladies were arriving with interesting looking lunch boxes.

At 7 P. M. exactly, it seemed that sufficient time had been allowed for all stragglers, and more than enough in which to accumulate enormous appetites. At that moment, **The Rains Came.** Everyone started north for a shelter, but inside of five minutes there were three distinct groups, each group out of sight of the ther two. The rain came down in bucketfuls, in sheets, and in torrents.

After a little maneuvering, the three groups were marshalled into one again and all headed for Brauer's resaurant. A final cloudburst sent some eight or ten under a viaduct, until the water began to rise so rapidly, they felt they might just as well move on to Brauer's.

Here all was comfort, kindness and consideration, as the Manager consented, after hearing of the heartrending predicament of this organization of the Peoples Church, to keep the cafeteria open an extra half hour for the benefit of this group of soaked humanity. Not only that, the employes graciously went to work and made fresh coffee. One of the members who never reached the park was seen eating a box lunch in the Uptown station. And so, the picnic was a great success, **except** for the **weather.**

•

Mrs. Louise K. Appel attended the convention of the National Educational Association as an official delegate from the Chicago Division. The convention was held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, from June 29th through July 4th. She reported that it was an inspiring and thrilling experience, with 12,000 delegates attending, representing every state in the union, and Alaska, Puerto Rico and Hawaii.

• • •

Mrs. Appel recently became a member of the Peoples Church and is very active in the Professional and Business Woman's Club.

Later in the summer Mrs. Appel spent some time in California, visiting first the San Francisco Fair, then the high Sierras, of which she will have some interesting reminiscences to relate to the club this winter.

CHOIR PICNIC

The choir picnic was held this year on June 23rd, and in spite of the outlook of a rainy day to begin with, it turned out to be one of the most enjoyable picnics the choir ever had.

Because of the rain, luncheon was served in Channing hall supervised by Mrs. Abernethy and Miss Huck. After lunch games were played in Channing hall and everybody was having a good time, but wishing hard for the rain to cease, and finally to the joy of everyone the sun was shining, and all were happily on their way to the beautiful estate of their beloved friends Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Anderson in Antioch, Ill.

There was found a variety of amusements, golf, tennis, croquet, boating, and swimming.

Several times Mr. Anderson was captain and pilot of his lovely motor boat, and the joy of the beautiful lake trip will never be forgotten.

In the evening dinner was served on the pavilion overlooking the lake. With Mr. Anderson in charge steaks were broiled out of doors and served piping hot. Mrs. Anderson made a huge bowl of the most delicious potato salad, and with appetites spurred on by the great out of doors, justice was done to a most wonderful dinner.

After dinner under the direction of Mr. Abernethy the choir sang a few songs, and then rather reluctantly began to bid farewell to the gracious host and hostess.

Mr. Abernethy and the choir will never forget the very lovely time at the home of their dear and generous friends.

M. W.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH BAZAAR

Summer days are rapidly slipping away. When vacation trips and outings of all kinds are packed up in the memory box and we are in a dither shopping for fall clothes—all of a sudden around a corner Santa Claus jumps out with a "Boo!" and wishes us "Merry Christmas!" and we are fit to be tied because we haven't planned anything for it.

Now that is just the way the Bazaar sneaks up on one; it is here before we are ready! Don't let it catch you napping. Plan now what you will do to make this 1940 Bazaar of The Peoples Church the best one ever! This is something in which everyone can take part. What will you do? The Bazaar is held early in December.

WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS

July 15th to August 15th, Inc.
Rev. Benjamin Will officiating

JULY

Funerals

18—Mr. Kai Henry Knudsen. Interment, private.

24—Mrs. Mabel E. Ecker. Interment, Forest Home, Greenville, Michigan.

25—Mr. Raymond V. Sahlin. Interment, Acacia Park.

WEDDING

15—John Robinson Chapman and Mary Ann Stevens by Dr. Bradley at Lake Vermilion.

27—Mr. Llewellyn Hoffman and Miss Hanna Schwarz.

AUGUST

Funerals

3—Louise Butterfield. Interment, Acacia Park.

7—Miss Valerie Norwood. Interment, Acacia Park.

Wedding

4—Mr. Theodore Lax and Miss Mabel Circle.

"PRESTON BRADLEY SPEAKING"

The August issue of this increasingly popular magazine will contain the following book reviews and sermons of Dr. Preston Bradley:

"Native Son"
"How to Read a Book"
"Why I Stay in the Ministry"
"Heritage of Delight"
"How Old Are You"
"The Great Stone Face"
"Life With Mother"

There is a very handy reference index on the back cover of this magazine, "Preston Bradley Speaking" which lists the great variety of subjects covered in the lectures and sermons which have been published thus far. August, the fifth number, is now on the magazine stands.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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